Meckly

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C. W. FINTON, Washington fity, D. C.

Discuss the causes of this sad event,

Of schismatic ascendency."

Then Douglas bold his muse invoked/

And in my journey hitherward, I called

On Sunday last upon the reverend Sage.

For four full hours upon that sacred day,

Discussed its merits, bearings and designs.

Talked and retalked it, scanned and conned it o'e

And from all that I could hear, or see, or think

But Buck is with me, mark; I know the man

He surely would have stabbed it to the heart.

ace and non-committalism prove him still

We viewed this subject in its grave aspec

Its means, its end, and all its bitter fruit

I could not tell to which side he inclined.

For had he declared himself on either side.

A hunker true, in spirit, aim and will.

The gentleman should now arise,

That he should seek to lead astray

Our party from the appointed way,

"O, what a tangled web we weave

When first we practice to deceive!"

A faction great, not large nor small,

"And Douglas, more, I tell thee here,

And if thou saidst old Buck's not pee

And thus disturb the harmony

Of brethern bound in amity,

Here, in thy pitch of pride,

I tell thee, thou'rt defied.

E'en with these Freesoilers near

To any Squatter Sovereign here,

"Behold how sinners disagree,

The Publican and Pharisee:

Mine ears attend the cry;

Where you must shortly lie."

Eastward or westward, far or near

Bold Angus, thou hast-told a story.

One doth his righteousness p:oclaim,

The other owns his guilt and shame.

"And is there then in Gilead found

No balm to heal this smarting wound,

Made by the warmed viper's breath?'

Ye Locos come and view the ground

"Behold the precious bal n is found

To lull the pain, to heal the wound.

Ourselves in future may devise.

To drag the car of Abolitionism."

I see our party hopes revive again;

Here is a resolution, quaintly drawn,

"Hark! from the Toombs the mournfu! sound

Which, while it reads freesoil, may still be tur

By skillful rhetoric, to its opposite. And thus may be made to justify whate'er

"I'll have no resolution which shall bind

And make us bow our necks and take the yoke

Toombs, forbear, for with prophetic ken,

Visions of glory crowd my laboring brain,

And let's this day our means employ;

If union now our mutual Councils bless,

"Forgive me Douglas, once again

No more I'il seek to give thee pain?'

"Let us join hands and altogether swear

And sanctify all means we may employ.'

tion in the following chant:-]

Are Locofocos bound in unity :

And sweeter far than these combined

Are the spoils of office to a pious mind."

Lot here a deep libation down I pour,

In memory of this consecrated hour,

trated in English Drawing Rooms :

"Waiter, the brandy! Friends, let's take a horn

To celebrate the day our hopes were born ;

THE MODEL WIFE FOR 1857 .- Punch thus

escribes the model wife as at present illus-

She dwells in fair Belgravia's halls,

Sweet Fashion's peerless Queen, And all her soul, in fetes and balls.

Her "jupon," like the Nassau globe, Cremorne did rightly see, Flaunts its inflated gauzy robe,

And thus expanding more or more,

Subduing Swan and Edgar's corps With undulating talk.

Her husband's purse is small—but no! What though her form be slim—

following verse contains every letter o

Her jupon still expands,—and oh! The difference to him.

the English alphabet except "e." It is a ques-

which is a letter more used than any other:

To quiz in vain, for 'tis n' That what I say is right.'

tior whether any other in English rhyme can

produced (in print) without the letter "e.

"A jovial swain may rack his brain, And tax his fancy's m ght, To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain,

"Yow, George, you must divide the cake

She fluctuates in her walk

They all join hands in token of forgiveness.

scene and express her surprise and admira-

And pray to Heaven to grant us all our joy,

Our mutual wants and losses to repair,

And stores of plunder press, an endless train.

The past is gone, the present we enjoy,

Twill be the pledge of spoil and happiness.

We'd spurn you hence."

"And were't not that at thy beck and call

Our councils to divide;

To paths we know not of."

-(sotto voce,)

Might here arise:

"Mr. President, I must express surprise

folded his arms and thus he spoke:

PROSPECTUS OF THE WASSINGTON

We can hardly think it necessary to urge upon those who hold that Americans ought to sale America, the importance of having a paper at the seat of the Federal Government, which shall enunciate and advocate the dectrines of the American party.

A paper issued from any of the grat centres of a nation, but especially from the political Metropolis, in the present age, it in this country only, but in Great Britain, ance, and wherever there is the least freeden of discussion, is a medium through which these holding similar sentiments in regard to public affairs and public policy, may make known, discuss and defend their views, and expose the impropriety of the principles, and the impolicy of the measures of their antagonists. It should earnestly labor to give a proper direction to public opinion by enlightening the public mind.

The AMERICAN is the only paper published at the seat of the Federal Government which advocates American doctrines; the only sentinel of the party stationed where a near and clear view can be had of the movements and doings of their opponents at their headquarters. Here political information concentrates, and from hence it radiates to every part of the empire; here party measures and movements are determined, and political campaigns planned; here stratagems are concocted and thwarted, and here at certain seasons of the year politicians most do congregate; here, in short, is the centre of the great political maelstrom in which so many thousands are constantly plung-

ing and forever gyrating. If the American party is desirous of being a national party, it should not be without a paper here through which it can make known to all people its views, aims and opinions, and which shall also refute the calumnies that are from time to time uttered against it through ignorance or a less excusable motive; and we, therefore, take hope that the AMERICAN, standing, as it will stand, upon the platform of the American party, advocating, as it will advocate, the paramount rights of native-born citizens, eschewing, as it will eschew, all interference with slavery as a national concern, and maintaining, as it will maintain, perfect freedom of opinion and of conscience in religion, will find favor in the eyes of all truly patriotic citizens in the land, and commend itself to their

generous support. Lest we may not have been specific enough in declaring our principles, we add, that the FAREWELL ADDRESS of the Father of his country, as illustrated by the broad light of his administration, is our political text-book atnd code mecum; and shall be our compass and chare

Some people are never contented with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their head, alike whether darkness are over their head, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed consider their most voluntary acts as matter of compulsion:

A child about three years old was crying because his mother had shut the parior door. "Poor thing!" said a neighbor, compassely, "you have shut the child out."

"Sweet is the carol of the early lark. "It's all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either As, heavenward rising, he salutes the morn: Sweet is the music of the church-going bell, Which calls the early penitent to prayer; Sweet are the hymns which, like soft incense side of a door, he considers himself shut out, To call down kindred blessings from the skies; and rebels accordingly."

There are older children who take the same And sweet's the voice of prayer. But sweeter far, and dearer far to me

view of things.

"Julius" is evidently well acquainted with the diagnoses of his own disease. His explanation is as clear as mud, and must be satisfac

ation is as clear as mud, and must be sati tory to all."

"Julius, is you better dis morning?"

I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober de "An dere no hopes den of your discober "Discobery of what?"

"Your discobery from de conbelescence what am fe on your back."

"Dat depends, Mr. Jan, togedder on the prognostication whin amp de disease. Should dey continuate de finally, de doctor tinks I'se a gone night; she they not continuate fatually he her disease. ally, de doctor tinks I'se a gone night; sho they not continuate fatually he how a dis lo'ed indiwidu il won't die till anodel I said before, it all depends on de p and till dese come to a head, dere ing wedder dis nigger will come to disco tinuation or not.

Many of our "slang" sayings, have a classical derivation. When one of the bhots calls his comrade a "brick," he is only paying An Eastern prince on being asked, "Wheater the fortifications of your city?" replications to be as brick."

A witty prelate was once asked if he die ot think that such a one followed his con "Yes," said his grace, "I think h does follow it, as a man does a horse in arig-he drives it first."

"Is treacle good for a cough?" inqued Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown, "it is sold for consump-

Overers and Poerry.—Oysters, when considered in the abstract, do not suggest poetic ideas; but in the concrete they are suggestive

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt button that is al-

hono ably with your brother Charlie."—
"What is honorably, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece."
"Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should be Digges, the celebrated player, having be-come bankrupt, was summoned to a meeting of his creditors, to give some requisite inform-ation. Finding the room crowded when he entered, he exclaimed, "Fine full house, gen-tlemen—boxes all taken."

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858. For the Weekly American THE LOVED AND LOST ONE

GRAND DEBATE IN THE SENATE. A JEWISH STORY. Extract from the President's Message The last rays of the setting sun were gild 'How ardently I have longed to meet you her ing the towers and temples, the magnificent palaces and splendid baths of Jerusalem. Its rich glow illumined the curtains of purple mist That in close conclave we together might Bewail the woes which, like a mighty flood, Have all our hopes and prospects overwhelm that hung like a delicate drapery over every object. The whole view was strikingly lovely; but no part of the city presented a scene of more delicious and inviting luxury than the And, gathering wisdom from our late mishaps, Contrive by what means we may best avert Our final doom; how save our sinking ship, gardens of Benladdi, where flowers of every Which, like a foundered craft, now floats at la hue and fruits of every variety, with vines an Broken and rotten on the swelling wave oubbling brooks and fountains, combined for the enjoyment of the favored mortal who now re clined on the flowery turf, apparently watching with restless and eager anxiety the approac "By consultation with our mutual friends,

> wall. His large dark eyes were bright with hope, and his cheeks glowed with impatience.
> "I am weary of this suspense, this agony of anxiety," said Benladdi, rising from his rural couch and walking towards the door, which he pushed gently open. "She comes not," ne, pacing the avenue with hurried step. pressed his hands upon his brow, and said aloud, "Zeluma! thou wilt destroy thy friend and ruin thine own peace, for an idle vow Surely, thou canst not mean to keep it!" tinued he, taking a letter from the folds of his

of some one from a small arched door in th

robe, on which he gazed earnestly. While thus employed a tall and beautifully graceful female glided in with noiseless step and stood before him, with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and her finely formed head bent gently forward. Her dress, though no rich, was well adapted to display her exquisite ly moulded form to the best advantage. A drapery of delicate texture fell from her sho ders, and partly covered the linen tunic, which was fixed to her shape by a broad girdle of pale blue. Her raven locks were bound back by a fillet from her lofty, polished brow, though a few of the glossy tresses had strayed from their confinement, and rested on her swan-like neck and glowing cheek. Her complexion though dark, was so pure that you might almost see the blood mantling through the veins. Her eyes were concealed by their dark lashes that seemed resting their silken fringes on her blushing cheek; but no one could look on her as she stood in her attitude of proud humility without expecting to meet their glances with

"Zeluma," said the delighted Benladdi, bend ing as if in adoration, and pressing the hem of her drapery to his lips, "Zeluma, have you come to bless me? have you come to say the blissful words, 'Benladdi, I am thine?' "

Not a sound was heard from the rosy lips o the maiden, who raised her dark eyes face, and fixed them for a moment with timid tenderness on his expressive and love-beaming countenance.

Hear me once more, Zeluma," said he, taking her hand, "and do not let an idle whim or promise given when, a simple child, you hung upon your mother's neck, or frolicked at her oh do not let such a promise ruin the peace of him who loved you almost from the moment he saved your precious life!

"My vow is registered in Heaven, Benladdi, for it was made to my dying mother, and it may not be broken," said Zeluma, firmly

Your mother herself, if she were alive would plead my cause, for shealways welcomed Benladdi as a friend, and, miserable as she was, found some comfort in my society. She told me that you was a Jewish maiden, borne far from your country and home.

Zeluma started at the sound of home, and pressing her hands upon her bosom, said "Ere the Passover, which is not one moon from us, Benladdi sha'l know my heart."

Thanks and blessings rest on thee maiden for the promise; but give me some sign that I may hope you will share my fortunes. as you know, free to choose among the daughters of my people. My father, before his death, said, "if thou lovest the maiden, make her thy wife; she is virtuous and lovely, and will be to thee as Rebecca was to Isaac." Look but once upon me with the eyes of love Zeluma, that I may feel the joy of hope, and I will wait pa-tiently thy bidding."

The cheeks of Zeluma flushed deeply; the eloquent blood suffused for a moment over her neck and brow; and, though she trembled with emotion, she still concealed the expression of her melting eye. But Benladdi did not despair when he saw the tender smiles that played in the dimples and lines round her beautiful mouth, though she opened it only to say, "I am bound by an oath;' and turning from him, walked to [The spirit of Kansas is then supposed to appear the small door through which she had entered the garden. Ere she closed it, she asked, Will Benladdi listen to the songs of the minstrels before the evening meal? They wait

now in the banqueting room.' "I have no taste for their loud minstrelsy and shall leave the banquet early to wander where the paim lifts its branches to the breeze and where the brook, as it laves the roots of the willows, makes such sounds as Zeluma loves. Will you, too, seek the evening breeze when the moonlight trembles upon the rill? Say, Zeluma, will you meet me at the grove of

"I am here to do thy bidding, Benladdi and if thou sayest to thy servant, go She blushed and hesitated, while Benladd who had advanced to her, put his hands to her lips, and said, "hush, hush, Zeluma! will you offend me with such words? Tho knowest full well that thou art free as air. I Zeluma-yes, I am the slave; I will not hold thee a moment, by any bond but that of affec

"I know thy generous nature, and I feel thy nobleness; and yet, if it will not offend Ben laddi, I shall wait with the maidens, and re main after the banquet with Rachel, though I love the music of the ril better than the song of the minstrel. Thou must look upon me only as thy bondswoman until my vow is ac complished; then Berladdi shall know all tha is passing here." She pressed her hand upon

ner heart, smiled and disappeared. "Virtuous and wise, as beautiful and modest," murmured Benladdi, as he turned slowly away and walked towards the palace.

The young maiden went quietly to her em ployment. Though her heart beat joyously i her bosom, the fear that she had not fulfilled her vow, that she was even then breaking moment, would sometimes cross bright and lovely vision, like a dark cloud on brilliant sky. But she would say, "My moth er never meant I should not love goodness an virtue; and who that knows Benladdi, does no love him? Beside, there are but a few day wanting to complete the time when I may ope the mysterious packet, and know why I ma not love and marry until eighteen summer have passed over my head. would add, while the thought would make he heart sick and her frame shudder, "perhaps am doomed to misery and shame!" But thes forebodings would soon give place to hopes peautiful and bright as the rainbow, whilst sh moved round like a sylph among the maiden of the household, beloved for her gentlene and goodness, and admired for her wisdom It was her duty to tend the flowers; and the vases and baskets being filled, she repaired to

the garden at sunset, the day before her moth er's mysterious packet was to be opened. Agitated and restless, she pursued her usual round though her fingers trembled and tears fell upon the gay garlands. Benladdi joined her, and her agitation, bade her leave the flowers Leading her to a seat he threw himself on the turf at her feet, and reclined sometime in sience, watching, with tender anxiety, her vary ing color, and humid eyes.

"Zeluma," said he in a tone of genue to proach, "I hope you do not wish to recall the

"Oh no; I am restless and uneasy, though know not why. I long, yet dread, to open the packet, for it seems as if my destiny must be strange and awful, when I reflect on all that my mother snffered, and on all she said."

Tears fell fast on the pale cheek of the anxi-

uma. Benladdi started up, and seating himself beside her, implored her not to wee 'What can you fear, Zeluma? to-morrow will e the happiest, the proudest day of my life. f I can but call thee mine. Banish sorrow from your breast, and tell me all you rememof your early life. I once asked your mother of your father and his race, but her extreme agitation alarmed me. On recovering her composure, she exclaimed, "Ask me not of my people, ask me not from whence I came. swear, by the God who made me, that I am anocent, miserable as I am and ever shall be on earth. My sufferings will soon end, and with this loved one our race is extinct." She on earth. then pressed you to her bosom, in uncontrollable agony. How one so lovely, so blameless and holy, could be so miserable, I never could Even your caresses, innocent and endivine. gaging as you were, never brought a smile to you? er countenance. And when you grew older and hovered around her like a guardian angel, she would turn from you and weep."
"I never," said Zeluma, "saw a smile on my

mother's face; "though I have often, very of ten, seen her pale cheek wet with tears. my home," she continued, "I have no recol-My mother was, I have reason to suppose, carried away captive before I was born; but she never allowed me to speak of the past-and though I was her all, and she evidently doated on me, there were moments when I thought the sight of me was loathsome and revolting to her. The two last years of her life she was more composed and happy; for she devoted herself to the service of God, and generally appeared calm, except when something spirit, for she gazed on the door, where a loathsome leper had presented himself for purification, until her eyes seemed bursting their sockets; her face was livid, her hands were pressed upon her bosom, she screamed for me to fly. "'Tis not time yet, my loved one—not yet—fly—fly—touch not." She could not fin sh the sentence, for her tongue clove to her stiffened mouth, and she fell into strong con vulsions. They carried her home, but she never rose from her bed again; and while she was dying, I made a solemn vow, neither to love or to marry, until I had read what the packet contained, which I was to open the day was eighteen. A few hours after I received it, she expired. That I endeavored to keer that vow most faithfully, you, Benladdi, will, think, acknowledge. If I have not kept it as strictly as I ought," continued the maiden, blushing and hesitating, while she bent over the flowers that surrounded her, and murmured almost to herself, "my sin has been involun

tary. her to his boson ,no fear, Zeluma ; the uart as innocent and lovely

as even thy mother could desire.' The maiden freed herself from his embrace. and rising said, "It is time for the evening banquet. To morrow, at the same hour, I wil

meet you here. Till then, farewell." She went slowly up the avenue, and Benlad di looked on her with admiration, as she stood on the step of the portico and waved her hand. Her face was pale, but the setting sun lent its red glow to her cheek, and showed the tears like brilliants, trembling on her raven lashes while the smile, that played round her mouth seemed chased away by some thought she could not control. Benladdi stood lost in reflection, until summoned to the banquet.

The next day way bright and levely. Sple lid preparations were made for the approach ing festival, and Benladdi's heart exulted in the hope that it would be closed by his bridal long before sunset the happy youth was pacing his beautiful garden. He watched the setting sun, heard the evening sacrifice announced, bu Zeluma came not. Impatient and weary, he called aloud and repeatedly for the Jewish maiden. Another answered his call. "Tell Ze luma," said he, " that Benladdi waits for her in the garden." The messenger returned with the intelligence that the maiden had gone to a far country to fulfil a vow, and had left this writing for her master. Benladdi tore it open with anxious curiosity and read:

"That I have broken my vow and loved you with an ardor of which, until this agonizing moment, I was totally unconscious, I will ac knowledge, for I promised on this day yo should know my heart-and may God forgive me for slighting the dying wishes of my mother But, noblest and kindest of men, farewell, forever! Between us there is an impassable gulf we meet no more until we rest on Abraham's ZELUMA."

The agony and grief of Benladdi cannot b told. Months passed, and found him still wretched and solitary, for he avoided all society; and as he paced his neglected garden, where the flowers now grew in tangled mazes, and dried leaves covered the paths, he would murmur, had she died in my arms, I could have said. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," but thus to leave me, and go perhaps to danger and to death, to fulfil the extorted, I fear, by a maniac! Zeluma, you have broken my heart and your own.

The unhappy youth searched Jerusalem and its environs in vain; and after a year of useless wandering, returned to his home sick and sor-In a few months he gave his princely income for the sacrifices and the services of the Temple, and taking the advice of the physician who attended him, travelled towards the sea. Its pure breeze seemed to have invigorated him, and he journeyed on to Demascus. As he traversed the gay and busy streets, his heart felt like lead in his bosom. The populous city, with its cager and thoughtless throngs passing by in utter unconsciousness, brings to the desolate wanderer a keener sense of loneliness than the silent forest or the barren strand.

Soon weary of the noise and din, he took up his abode in a retired spot on the banks of the Abana, where he often wandered to think of the lost Zeluma, regardless of the beauties around him, or the travellers who passed and repassed before him. One morning he was accosted by a reverend Rabbi with "The blessing of God be on thee, my son! Are you journeying to Mount Hermion?" , father, I am a rilgrim in search of

their loins of strength and say, 'My trust is in God, who made heaven and earth, and I will not be cast down.' Joseph, son of Benladdi, let not the love of a woman, a weak, frail daughter of Eye, destroy thee in the full maturity of thy strength. Be not slain, Benladdi, with the piercing of an eye, though it may be brighter than the flash of thy scimetar. Let not thy soul melt at the music of a voice, though that voice be sweeter than the harp of David.

Benladdi looked with surprise on the face of the speaker, and a slight flush spread over his pallid cheek. "Is it Omri, of Jerusalem, who speaks to

"I am Omri, and have seen thee often in the Temple, where I yet trust I shall see thee a chosen vessel of honor, for thou wilt not waste thy life in useless sorrow." "I would fain forget my griefs father; but I

am the last of my race, and shudder to think that I shall sink into the grave with none to nourn over me and call me blessed." "The world, Benladdi, is full of sons and daughters; take children for thee from the poor and wretched. The time is coming when Jerusalem will need the aid of the good; for

the proud scorner and covetous are shaking her corner stones and undermining her walls. "Never, father, has Jerusalem stood so high, or been so great and glorious. Our good king is blessed of Jehovah, and the world lauds him to the skies. Surely, father, your fears are groundless."

Omri shook his head "Do you see that stream that sparkles far towards Mount Her-Of whom does the Abana remind

"Of one," said Benladdi, "whose race is, I

hope, extinct; of the wicked Gehazi. "Jerusalem," said Omri, laying his hand appressively on the arm of Benladdi, "has her Gezhasis, now, who would take talents and changes of raiment, though God thundered his displeasures from between the cherubims. Her pride is at the height; her iniquities are almost accomplished. Young man, waste not thy time and faculties God has given thee for his glory, in useless lamentations; there are many in the world who are pierced with sorrows that walk in the counsels of God with perfect heart. Go with me in the mountains. and I will show you a holy man, who, though but an infant in years, and just sinking in the grave, spends his life in prayer and good works. Many fainting travellers, many dying agitated her, and brought on those dreadful works. Many fainting travellers, many dying sinners have been relieved by him, and his simple roots are shared with the meanest beg-

"Who is this pious youth, father?" "No one kapws who he is, or from whence e came; but many will rise up and call him lessed, short as his pilgrimage has been.

"How shall I find him, father?" "I shall return to Jerusalem, said Omri, few days, and will take thee with me to hear the words of wisdom from the lips of youth, if thou wilt promise to rouse thyself. Remem ber, my son, the angel of death will not wait for thee; thou hast but one life to improve. dom hath builded her house.' God invites you to enter and survey the wonders of his creation but you slight the wishes of your Maker, to die before an Idol."

"I will give myself to thy guidance, father,' said Benladdi; "thou shalt not find me sloth ful in spirit, or covetous in desires.'

"Then, farewell, my son, until the full moon, when I will go with thee to Mount Hermon.' Omri came as he had promised, and they urneyed pleasantly, until they wildest parts of the mountain.

Benladdi looked around him with surprise. The scene was new to him, and he expressed his astonishment that human beings should choose such wild and dreary solitudes. "Surely, father, a good man might be more useful ong his fellow-men.

"True, my son, and but few are willing to remain with no society but the sufferer-no reward but their prayers. It is only once in many generations that even an holy man is found willing to live and die in solitude. But we are near the cavern of the hermit.' As they climbed the hill, they met two

travellers who had visited the holy man, and hought him too ill to remain alone; but as he desired they would not watch him, or remain in the cavern, they had left him to repose, after ecciving his blessing and his prayers. "This," said Benladdi, as they entered a low

ecess or cave in the rock, "is a fitting home for a fox or a jackall, but not for man. "Softly, my son," saidOmri; "we will not disturb him, if he sleeps."

They entered in silence. Omri had struck a which he shaded carefully, and they stood beside a sleeping youth, wrapt in a robe of coarse cloth, on a bed of leaves in a corner of the cavern. His face was concealed by his arm, which was bare, his large sleeve having fallen off to the shoulder; and Benladdi thought as he gazed on that beautifully delicate hand hid as it was by the raven locks of a perfectly formed head, that it was indeed a youth, and one too of rare loveliness. The arm was so wasted, so small and thin, that it seemed but a shadow; while the ashy lip and labored respiration told of the suffering, even in sleep, of that slender form.

Watch by him," whispered Omri; "he will die without aid, and there is nothing here, not even a cup of water. I will," said he as he moved away "be with you as soon as possi-

Benladdi experienced an awe by no mean grateful to his feelings, when he found himself lone with a dying stranger; and when he saw him move convulsively, with a deep groan, he trembled excessively. The sleeper pressed his hands to his bosom, and, murmuring the name of Benladdi, started up. Their eyes met. For one moment, love, hope and joy seemed to illumine those sunken eyes, and glow like a rich sunlight over that wan and wo-worn countenance; the next, the eye-lid had fallen on the pallid cheek-a faint groan of inward agony trembled on those quivering lips, whilst a slight convulsive shudder shook the wasted formand Zeluma sunk lifeless on the bosom of Ben-

When Omri returned, he was amazed to find Benladdi kneeling with the lifeless body pressed madly to his heart.

"Separate us not yet, father," said he, as Omri attempted to remove it. "Oh that I could warm this pallid form to life in my bosom! Look-look, my father," le continued mournfully, "and wonder not at my devotion, for she was as beautiful as wise. Look at my Zeluma!" He placed the stiffening form on the leafy bed, and, lifting the curls from her polished brow, pressed his lips to it in an agony of grief.

The bewildered Omri strove to revive the lifeless body: but the slender tie that bound her bruised spirit to existence, was broken for-

Finding it impossible to persuade the stricken youth to leave the lovely form, the embarrassed priest concluded to go himself for aid, either "The wise, my son, do not bow down; they I to remove or bury it; and laying his hand ten-

will not be prostrated by sorrow; they gird up derly on the head of Benladdi, for whom felt the deepest concern, he said, "It is the Lord, my son, let him do what seemeth to hi good.

The mourner started at these words, and looking expressively at Omri, hid his face in his robe and wept.

"Since it is thy wish, my son, to remain here I will leave thee and seek some assistance. is best to bury our dead out of our sight.

When Omri, after several hours absence, re turned with assistance, he found him still hang ing over the body, though he resigned it imme diately to his care, and left the cavern for hut to which he was directed by the kind

When the melancholy task was accomplish ed, Omri came to Benladdi, bringing a small packet which he had found concealed among some wearing appearel. "I know nothing of its contents, my son; but pray God it may contain some balm to thy wounded spirit." Benladdi opened the papers and read as

follows: "Zeluma-dear, unfortunate Zeluma-my loved and lost one—how can I communicate the dreadful truth without breaking thy innocent heart! It must be told-I feel that you

must know that you are the last of an accurs ed race. Yes, loved and lovely as thou art Zeluma, thy father was a descendant of Gehazi; and ere twenty summers have passed over thy head, thou wilt be a leper as white a Benladdi started, and exclaimed, "Wise and

noble, and generous even to death wert thou oh my Zeluma, innocent victim of a guilty sire! "You may wonder, my child, that I did not make this appalling communication myself. I felt it was wise to keep it from you as long as possible, that you might enjoy the little span allowed you. How many times, my Zeluma. have I longed to destroy you! How often when an innocent child you slept in my arms has my hand been pressed on your tender bosom, to stop the beating of thy loving heart! But thank God, I did not do the deed, though you can never know the agony, the horror of those moments. You must hear something o your mother's early life, that you may under stand why she became the wife of a leper When your father came to my country, I was an orphan; young, rich, and heautiful, though proud as the builders of Babel. He, too, was young and lovely to behold; he was called brave and noble. I thought I should be the wife of a great warrior, and, though he was a stranger from a far country, I married him. Before six meons passed, he was a loathsome leper! Imagine, if possible, the anguish of my heart, when I tried every physician and every heal ing art in vain. I hung over him with the tenderest care. Loathsome as he was, I loved and pitied him, for I thought him virtuous implored him without ceasing, to present himself to the priest; but he refused. At last weary with my importunity, and enraged with the disease, he looked fiercely upon me, and said with a bitter smile: "Poor Fool! can the

priest wash away the curse of the Prophet!

Know for your misery and eternal anguish that I am descended from Gehazi!" "I heard him, and fell lifeless to the floor For weeks I was a manuac. When I re covered, my whole soul seemed changed. ooked upon my wretched husband with loathing and disgust. But it was not the leprosy of the body that caused the change. No-no. I could have nursed him with th truest affection, could have loved him, though all the world had left him in horror, had not his soul been more leprous than his body He had before my marriage, told me of the curse entailed upon him-had he thrown himself upon my mercy, and implored my pity, and I in the madness of my devotion had united my fate to his, I would have shared it without a murmur, bitter and dread ful as it was. But to feel that I had beer basely and cruelly deceived—to feel that the same covetous spirit that destroyed his ancestors, was the leading principle of all his actions—to feel that I was degraded and ruined by my union with one who deserved his fate, was maddening! I was prostrated mortified thrown into the mire, but no Instead of reproaching myself for my folly in thus hastily uniting myself to a stranger, I constantly reproached my hus band; and when I should soon give another being to a life of wretchedness, I fled, de termined to wander in the desert until death released me from my sufferings. I was taker by a party of Arabs, and sold as a slave You, my beloved, were born in bondage. broke out in the territory, and by i's chance ve were thrown into the household of Ben laddi. It was under his hospitable roof that was taught to look into my own heart, and see myself as I was-but I learnt that it was leprous with pride, which God alone could

wash away. "Arraigh not, my child, the wisdom of Jehovah, nor murmur at his decrees; a thou sand years in his sight are but as yesterday The family of Gehazi deserved their fate You, my love, are the only innocent victim and think not to escape. When at eighteen and think not to escape. you look upon your charms with satisfaction, know that attwenty those charms will vanish, and you will become a leper But fear not. Die, the last of the accursed race, and you will die bappy! Farewell, un tii we meet in heaven.

Your heart-broken MOTHER. Benladdi went to Jerusalem with Owri, and levoted himself to the service of God in the Temple; and though his humbled spirit was purified from all carthly affections, he could never read the curse of the Prophet-never repeat the appalling words, "The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave to thee and thy seed forever, "* without a shudder of

* 2d Kings, v. 27.

STATISTICS OF THE SUSPENSION OF LABOR. The Providence Journal publishes a tabular statement of the number of suspensions of cot ten and woollen mills in the manufacturing regions of which Providence is the centre, From hese figures the conclusion is reached that more than three quarters of the cotton machi nery is idle. The suspension of the wooller machinery is not so general, but is very large and constantly increasing. The reduced product on of cotton goods is estimated at 77,000 deces and 2,644,000 yards per week, of the value of \$150,400; and that the reduced pro duction of woollen goods is equal to \$127,915 per week, making a total reduction in thes two departments of our industry of \$278,315

A CHEERING SIGN.—The Buffalo Commercia says that at present, all the roads leading from that point are crowded to the utmost capacity with freight business for the winter. The de pots are crowded beyond their capacity, and much of the large receipt of flour and grain of last week is still unhoused. Some of it is ye afloat. The receipts of flour on one day last week were thirty-two thousand barrels; enough to last a railroad for a while.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as Virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

NO. 3.

AN IRISH "WAKE."-The Palmer (Massahusetts) Journal thus describes one of these infernal celebrations over a dead body. It oc-curred at Thorndike, in that town, the deceased being Richard Prindeville, a man of eminence

among the Irish residents there:—
"Soon after the breath had left the body he was seized by three sturdy Irishmen and borne upon their shoulders around the room, follow-ed by others who pulled his ears and hair, some of them shouting. "What in hell did you die for?" In addition to this scene, about twenty women and children set up a terrific howlig which could only be equalled by a collection wild beasts. This unearthly howling contine throughout Sunday night, keeping everybod awake within hearing distance. A son of Mr. Prindeville introduced a novel ceremony, by jumping astride the corpse of his father, seizing him by the ears, pulling his head up and down, and crying, "What in hell did you die for?" On Monday evening, the company having been increased during the day, the funeral howl commenced again louder and wilder than at any time previous, making it necessary for Sheriff Moores and Constable Newton to go and threaten to arrest the whole crowd. Quiet was finally restored, and the corpse was buried on Tuesday. Our correspondent adds that the "wake" exceeded in absurdity and heathen ceremony all that he ever read or heard of.

Judge Underwood, of Georgia, had a supreme contempt for fops. A dandy remarked of a gentlemanly planter who was passing, that it would be a fine speculation to buy that man for what he was worth, and sell him for what he thought he was worth.

"Well," says the Judge, "I have often seen men selling jackasses, but this is the first time I ever heard of a jackass offering to sell a gen-

The Judge was a stanch Clay Whig, but his son, J. W. H. Underwood, was continually changing his politics. A friend asked, "What are John's polities?"
"Really," said the Judge, "I can't tell you;

I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

John applied to the old gentleman for a letter of recommendation to his friend, then Governor Crawford, of Georgia. It was immediately given; and, sure of his game, John put off to Miledgeville; but knowing his father's eccentricities, he thought it prudent to open his credentials before presenting them, and, to his astonishment, he read the follow-

My DEAR FRIEND .- This will be handed to you by my son John. He has the greatest thirst for an of-fice, with the least capacity to fill one of any boy you ever saw.

Truly yours, 'WILLIAM H. UNDERWOOD." But John has since falsified the old gentleman's opinion by proving himself a shrewd politician and a first-rate lawyer.

JUDGE MARSHALL, returning from North Carolina, wrapped in profound thought or some knotty point, found himself suddenly brought to a halt by a small tree which intervened be tween the front wheel and the body of his Seeing a servant at a short distance, he asked him to bring an axe and cut down the tree. The servant told the Judge that there was no occasion for cutting down the tree, bu just to back the buggy. Pleased at the good sense of the fellow, he told him that he would eave him something at the inn hard by, where he intended to stop, having then no small change. In due time the negro applied, and a dollar was handed him. Being asked if he knew who it was that gave him the dollar, he "No, sir; I concluded he was a genreplied. tleman by his leaving the money, but I think he is the biggest fool I ever saw.

A Northern paper notices, with evident onishment, the fact that a Yankee lady, who has been known as an enthusiastic admirer of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is just married to a Southern planter with a hundred negroes. We can testify that the case is by no means a singular or at all an uncommon one. Of the two or three hundred fine young New England girls, all partial no doubt to Uncle Tom's Cabin, or whom we have during the last two or three years, procured situations as teachers in the South, we believe that full seven-eights or ninetenths are now married to thriving planters, the respectable mistresses of multitudes of what Mitchell calls "fine fat negroes."-Louisville Journal.

A little boy named Eddie Johnston, while playing in an open lot on Water street, Brookyn, was set upon by two large bull-dogs, who tore off both his feet, crushing his legs, and mangled him terribly before they were disevered. It was found impossible to drive the dogs off until both were killed. The poor little fellow was taken to the Hospital, but cannot survive his injuries. He has no parents

The census of the United States shows that we have two million and a half of farmers, one hundred thousand merchants, sixty-four thousand masons, and nearly two hundred thousand carpenters. We have fourteen thousand bakers to make our bread: twenty-four thousand lawyers to set us by the ears; forty thousand doctors to "kill or cure," and fifteen hundred editors to keep this motely mass in order, by the power of public opinion controlled and manufactured through the press.

At the late special session of the Kansas Legislature, but two laws were finally passed, the one providing for the submission of the entire Lecompton Constitution to the people on the 4th of January, and the other making the perpetration of election frauds felony.

The steamship Isabel, arrived at Charleston from Havana, reports that Walker's vessel, the steamer Fashion, had been seized by the American consul, her papers having been found to be irregular.

Hon, Francis W. Pickens, of South Carolina, has been nominated to the Senate for the mission at St. Petersburgh, and not Mr. Buchanan, of Maryland, as rumored.

The Columbus, Ohio, Journal says, there are ow upwards of one hundred regularly educated practising female physicians in the United

THE BABY CROP IN IOWA .- An editor out n Iowa says they don't brag of the size of their babies, but they are a most uncommon

"A fine girl and a tattered gown always. find something to hook them," is the French idea of beauty in distress.

Time keeps his constant pace, and fli ast in idleness as in employ.

While we are executing one w preparing ourselves to undertake

Vague, injurious reports are but all men's carelessness. The longer the saw of

the hotter it grows.